

SOUNDVIEW

at THE EVERGREENS
Devoted to the Outpourings of thought and the
Philosophy of Existence

JULY JUNKET

<i>Pitch Hot from the</i>	Boss Evergreen
<i>A Sex Symposium (Part XXI)</i>	Dr. Edward H. Cowles
<i>Observations</i>	Edward Earle Purinton
<i>Spring Twilight (Poem)</i>	D. E. W.
<i>Mark's Musings</i>	Mark Morris
<i>Wedding Bells</i>	M. Trueman
<i>Love's Bosom (Poem)</i>	Edward Earle Purinton
<i>Evergreen Greelings</i>	Maud A. Thorndyke and Clara B. Castle
<i>Pitchy Postscripts for Pale People</i>	U. No Hoo

OLALLA LA BELA

Published Monthly by *The Evergreens* at Ten Cents a
Month, Twelve Months for One Dollar, at Olalla,
on *Puget Sound*, in the State of Washington, U. S. A.

SOUNDVIEW

EXPONENT OF THE SOCIETY OF EVERGREENS
SOUNDVIEW COMPANY, OLALLA, WASHINGTON, U. S. A.

Subscription and membership in the society, \$1.00 per year.

Advertising rates on application.

Entered February 2, 1913, at Olalla, Wash., as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Remittances should be made with P. O. Money Order on Olalla or bank draft on Seattle or Tacoma. One and two-cent stamps taken for small amounts.

When changing your address, please notify this office at once, thus insuring a continuance of the magazine. Give both the old and new address.

Owing to our rapidly increasing correspondence "The Boss" would suggest that you accompany your letter with as many stamps as you think you ought, to insure a reply. We don't want you to cease writing, for we love your letters, but don't expect a reply always. "Vibrations" are sometimes sent, instead.

Subscriptions to "Appreciative Persons" will not be discontinued at their expiration, but if you are justly entitled to come under this head you will renew promptly, so don't neglect sending the "necessary" too long or your head may come off. If you really want your supply of foolosophy shut off when time paid for is up, you should invest a cent in a post card and notify us, otherwise (some folks say) you are responsible for payment as long as magazin is sent. A yway, don't fool us.

When this paragraph is Blue Pencil a it's guinea you'll go into the "BLUE BOOK" if you don't renew. If you want to be an "Evergreen" and with the "Evergreens" stand—why, you must PUNGE PROMPTLY.

All unsigned or otherwise uncredited matter appearing in this magazine is to be blamed to the "Boss Evergreen."

BOSS EVERGREEN'S BOOK

Yes, The Boss is going to write one some day — all by himself, — but not now; he is too busy and don't know enuf! But what we want to call your attention to now is the VERY FEW bound copies of 1905 SOUNDVIEW, now ready for delivery. They are drest in green, appropriate to the occasion, with a fine "half-shell" picture of The Boss Evergreen in a mildly meditative mood. He'll write his "auto." in the book if you want him to (tho he doesn't guarantee that you can read it), all for the same money, \$1.25. Better HURRY if you want one REAL BAD!

SOUNDVIEW

Vol. VIII

JULY, 1907

No. 1

Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



WE excuse ourselves for our unwise acts by the comforting thought that there are other fools in the world, we try to establish happiness by dwelling on the deeper misery of others, we condone offenses on the grounds that other sinners are worse, we are persuaded to accept poverty with resignation by reflecting that there are poorer people in the world, we suffer the ills at hand rather than "flee to others that we know not of." Oh, yes, life is rather a dreary affair at best, so we must indulge in a little self-gratulation now and then to keep up our courage for the fray! If we lookt on the dark side of the picture *all* the time our insane asylums would be much more overcrowded than they now are, so let us be glad that our misery is not as great as that of our neighbor, let

us sing and whistle a little even if *some* are groaning and sorrowing and heavily burdened. Let us rejoice that we are not in that awful train wreck or steamer disaster — there may come a time when we can't! It is *terrible*, but why punish ourselves with a constant contemplation of it, when powerless to aid?



¶ I DON'T know why it is that sin thrives often where you expect piety to produce prolifically, I never could understand why Nature so regularly carries a bludgeon under her garments with which to whale those who tap at her storehouse, or just the exact reason for sprinkling so sparingly her useful products and sowing so promiscuously her weeds and tares and thistles and insect pests by the millions. There has also been some discussion of the scarcity of health and the widespread nature of disease, in which Col. Ingersoll took part, voicing the sentiment that, if he had been in God's place, he would have made health "catching" instead of disease!

¶ Of course we can advance theories as to the wherefore of this prevalence of the perversity of Nature (that expression is of my own mintage), but we don't *know* any more than we know why we walk on two

legs instead of four.

¶ But there are several things I don't know (I frankly acknowledge it!), tho I still keep trying to learn. That is where the Evergreen leads all other varieties of mental moles — he keeps his vision on the alert while digging.



¶ A PREACHER called on The Evergreens the other day — not in his ministerial capacity, oh, no, just looking up some signatures to a petition! We seldom have calls from either tramps, peddlers or preachers, and when we do it is occasion for celebration. This preacher didn't manifest any of the usual symptoms — long face, uneasy eyes, sanctimonious drawl, anxiety as to the condition of our alleged souls, etc. No sir, he just came in with a cheerful salutation, announced his business, which was speedily settled, and then he incidentally remarked the absence of our intellectual countenances from his weekly meetings! Why, we didn't know he was holding services in the community and he didn't realize we were denizens of this wilderness! I frankly told him, however, that we didn't make a specialty of attendance at divine services, and that we were considerably on the heathen plan, but that we might make an exception in his

case, seeing that he manifested saner symptoms than many who profest to call sinners to repentance.

¶ Why, we really had a love feast for about ten minutes! He preached us quite a sermon on tolerance, charity and a broader view of the field of investigation, religious and otherwise. We had nothing to say — why should we say anything when he so ably voiced our sentiments.

¶ Would that we had more such ministers, preaching the gospel of love, forbearance, fellowship, helpfulness, freedom to worship as we please, where we please, whom we please, or not at all if we choose. "There are none of us mistakeless," said this man of God. Amen! And I thought how much more liberal than some "liberals" I know! Would you stop such a man from teaching truth as he sees it? His is a distinct broadening influence — the flock that feeds at his intellectual corn crib will grow away from their narrowness. They will be benefited by his ministrations, and will progress far more rapidly than if roughly attacked from without the church.

¶ We are all a necessary part of the plan, whatever that may be. It would be an awfully monotonous affair if our friend Kerr, who has all "The Truth about

God," could induce everybody to see things as he sees them! Oh, yes, I'd rather be an Evergreen and see a little good even in the churches than to be a simon-pure liberal and *know* that I have the truth!



¶ How mournful, how sad, how pitiable is human existence at best! What an unsuccessful, unsatisfying struggle for happiness! We are constantly searching for the key that unlocks the door to joy and contentment, but alas! we "never are but always to be blest." We make a little journey thinking we will find "our own," like the fabled pot of gold at the rainbow's end, but disillusionment and disappointment is the result. We turn our face toward another promised land, but only to realize that here too are the same unsatisfying conditions. We are dejected, almost disheartened. And still the weary quest goes on!

¶ Poor, puny pessimist! Know you not that there is no joy but of your own mintage, no happiness but that which comes from within, no contentment but that which arises from ignorance or a transcendent knowledge akin to wisdom? Shake off thy despondency if thou canst, be satisfied with things as they are thou must. We are here and we must obey the law

of our nature. If that requires outward show and strut and brag, plunge into the melee of matter, join the cohorts of confusion and have your little day. Anyway it will not be for long — the child soon tires of his toy — there is no lasting pleasure. Be happy while you can. As I write this an Evergreen fly comes buzzing around in search of his portion of happiness, reminding me very much of the antics of some members of the human family. He is simply responding to the force within him, and the fact that he is a lot of bother to some other part of creation bothers him not a bit.

¶ So it is with the human family, there is constant friction between the elements composing society in the struggle for advantages and emoluments, the cruelty of such combats in some cases exceeding that of the wildest and most ferocious beasts. And all this in the name of humanity and Christianity! Ah, poor, frail, fearsome fool! Better save thy spleen, avoid the struggle, shed not thy brother's blood — it will avail thee nothing. It will only serve to cut short thy career, or bring sorrow on thee and thine, it may be for all time. Anyway, what matters it — the grave yawns, the hearse stands waiting! Thou fool! Poor, pitiable

creature. Thy doom is in thy own doing.



¶ MARTYRDOM, *per se*, is an evidence of greatness, but when courted in a coarse and common way, and when sought with loud proclamations of purity and holiness and a brass band accompaniment, it sinks into the merest monkey farce in comparison with the great tragedies flowing from the genuine article. The average example of the martyr today bears about the same relation to the real victim of an effort to help mankind that a man of sudden wealth, aping culture, bears to the individual of true, native courtesy and gentle manners and deep learning. The one is genuine, the other is spurious. The martyr is not heralded from the house top, he is not known for his much mouthing and little performance, he is not searching for notoriety and adopting every known device to goad the law to the point of pouncing upon him, that he may be hailed as the hero of his cause and pointed out as a martyr to whom all should pay homage.

¶ Foolhardiness is often mistaken for zeal. The real zealot is diplomatic, for he realizes that he may injure his cause by indiscreet acts and too radical talk. The object of all progressive movements should be the ac-

quisition of converts to that particular brand of betterment philosophy, and whenever you cheapen martyrdom (which is truly the leaven of all progress) you depreciate the currency of your movement, if you do not utterly destroy it. No cause can be stable that is not based upon reason and justice, and any attempt to hurry the heavenly chariot by hot-house methods only results in the postponement of the day of fruition. Don't mistake melodrama for martyrdom.

¶ If your cause is just and an essential element in the economy of Nature, be sure it will grow as rapidly as the minds of men can grasp it, and it will keep pace with the deserts of humanity. We are too apt to regard our particular brand of progress as the only article bearing the true label, and when others do not readily swallow the dose offered them we attribute it to their intellectual density and often indulge in some unkind epithets. But let us remember that they have the very same right to regard us with suspicion or pity or contempt. It is only the measure of a man's intellect, that he is charitable of the opinions of his fellow travelers thru life's jungle. He, only, has attained wisdom, who fully realizes there is no such commodity.

¶ The wise man will shun martyrdom by every means

at his command, just as a strong man will refuse titles, degrees and crowns. The acceptance of these baubles by the weak and unworthy has cheapened them till a truly great man hazards his reputation by accepting any such recognition. Time was when "Honorable" in front of a man's name *meant* something, but to-day it has almost come to mean *Dishonorable*. United States Senator, with a few *honorable* exceptions, means nothing more than a dollar mark — all the honor attached to the name has departed. The purchase of a toga has become so common that the corruption of a legislature fails to even excite comment, much less arouse indignation. The awful exposure of the corruption of San Francisco's officials but adds weight to what I say. Eugene E. Schmitz, the labor leader, was a greater man than Hon. Eugene E. Schmitz, mayor of the city of San Francisco — the acceptance of the official title was the source of his fall. The honor was misplaced, as it usually is, so was in reality no honor at all.

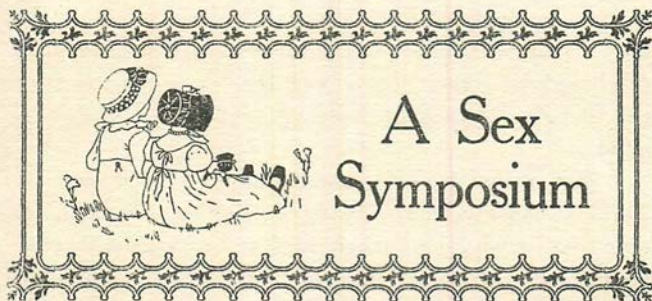
¶ So it is in the matter of martyrdom — it has been so cheapened by the unworthy posing as martyrs to the cause they espouse that the man possessing the real spirit will avoid every symptom of the disease, fearing

to be classed with the designing knaves that hang on every good movement. Besides, the necessity for martyrs is not as great as it was in days past. Don't overwork the martyr dodge, for it weakens a movement and excites suspicion of its advocates.



¶ Now it doesn't follow that all the "posers" are on one side of a question, but the law operates the same. Let there be an unusual howl raised by the "conservative" element against some reformer, and let them unduly persecute him, and the result is contrary to what they would have it. Too much protestation on the part of the powers that (think they) be, arouses a suspicion in the mind of the people that there is an insect under the chip, and their curiosity is aroused, likewise their desire to see fair play. The influence of that representative of a cause is multiplied. Oh, you can't fool *all* the people *all* the time — not quite. I admit you can come pretty near it, but there's a limit!

¶ Thus it is that matters are equalized, and at least partial justice is done. To be sure there is much counterfeit passes as the genuine article, but there come times when things are exposed, and the hypocrite is seen in his real nature — just as there is much graft not yet discovered, but enough of it is laid bare to render very uneasy the head afflicted with graftitis.



XXI

The Import and Ultimate of Our Sex Nature

By DR. EDWARD H. COWLES

Author of "The Science and Philosophy of Life," "The Law of Financial Success," etc.

[Continued from last number]

O the thinker, and especially to the sensitive and more highly organized person, the gross misconception and wanton debasement of all that pertains to the sex nature, the sex organism and the entire body, is something appalling! Mae Lawson puts it very mildly when, speaking of the ideas given children by parents, she says, "That the sex nature is something to be ashamed of, something to be covered up, something that should be smothered, something that sure-

ly must be disgraceful, else papa and mama would not say so! " I know that this only mildly represents the common teaching, and I know just as well that the exact reverse is the thought that should be deeply implanted in the young mind.

Man places his own valuation upon himself, and the world at large is bound to recognize that valuation, and take him for what he holds himself to be — *until he proves himself different!* This principle holds good as applied to the body and sex nature. When women come to really *feel* that their sex organism and their whole body is the sweetest, cleanest, purest and most sacred of all God's creation, and actualize these feelings in their *acts* and *habits*, they will have surrounded themselves — *their own persons* — with an atmosphere which will command a most profound respect from man, and there will have been a new standard set which will point the way to something vastly higher and more ennobling than we now have!

And — when *man* comes to recognize and appreciate such conditions *in* woman, and can approach her with feelings of the reverence, respect and confidence in her purity and the sacredness of her thought and person; and when *he* shall come to a *practical realization and actualization* of these same feelings and conditions in his *own person*, as

well as in his women associates, the age of " wine, woman and song " will have past, and we will have purity of thought, purity of motive and sacredness of principle *dominating* and *controlling* in all our intercourse with the opposite sex!

Some there are — sensitive and delicately balanced souls — who know at once in their own souls that my statements are true and capable of actual demonstration! But we must not condemn others because they don't see or are unable to grasp the experiences of the more highly developed. Some, it is true, never can. With others, it is a matter of growth, education and experience. It is as true also that there are still others who would not, if they could, accept *my* standard of measuring, weighing and treating women!

I hold that man has *no* " rights " over woman, and furthermore, that the man who would contend for those presumed " rights " is unworthy of the confidence and love of a pure, sensitive woman, and that he is living in an atmosphere of *perverted sex-expression!*

I hold that every woman should have full and undisputed control of her own person at all times, and that she should live and die a *free* woman! I hold that whatever comes to man from woman should be the result of the in-

herent desires, promptings and demands of her own soul-nature, and consequently, a *gift*, a *privilege* conferred upon him *by* her, and that at all times, *she* should be the *chooser!*

The woman in whose sensitive soul burns the fire of true womanhood, noble impulses, pure and high ideals, a sacred love and a just reverence for the sacredness of her own body, will never yield her person to a man who cannot, or will not, answer to those demands, longings and impulses of *her own soul* if she *knows it*, and do you think she should be *compelled* to do so thru any legal process?

And when she is *sure* she finds a true soul response to those high and idealistic impulses and cravings of her own soul, do you think you can keep her from *taking her own* because of having no "legal" authority? Don't it seem to you that two persons attracted to each other by the very laws of their own being, are bound closer and tighter thru a higher law than any "legal" contract can bind them?

Yes, I know what some who can't see further than the ends of their noses, nor think beyond the realm bounded by their hat-bands are saying, and I answer that this is *not* the time to put these laws and principles into common practise for the reason that man has not yet developed

enough honor, or a high enough regard for the sacredness, purity and sanctity of true womanhood, to be trusted to treat her with *honesty* and *justice*, and much the same can yet be said of women, hence for the good of humanity at large, the law of marriage must be recognized, and its restrictions exercised to control those who don't know enough to control themselves, or to treat their companions with the uprightness, honor, fidelity and respect which will surely characterize those who have emerged from the darkness of superstition, slavery, tradition and illogical thoughts and opinions, into the bright and beautiful light of the higher, purer and nobler soul-life!

The sensitive, spiritually developed person will have no difficulty in determining what is right for *them* when they grasp the true import and ultimate of soul-sex-expression if they will but follow the leadings and promptings of their own souls!

The chief difficulty encountered will be in finding *mates* who understand and can respond to these higher, nobler, purer and most sacred impulses — one whose thoughts, feelings and desires *blend* perfectly with their own! Only under such conditions can we realize the wonderful and beneficent ultimate of soul-sex-expression, which then becomes a united uplifting, ennobling, energiz-

zing and harmonious expression of two souls as *one*, lifting them above and beyond all that is material, into the realm where the spirit — the *real soul-self* — being untrammelled can freely express *itself* according to its own emotions, and in language which is known and understood only by its own.

Will a man who has a right conception of this subject — one who can in reality enter into the realization of those deep, pure, noble and sacred emotions of true soul-sex-expression, ever *ask* woman for anything? Would he — *could* he seek in any way whatever to entice or compel her submission to him?

A divine wisdom has vested in woman the power to *confer* one of the — if not *the* — greatest joys and blessings possible to man — her own person! Does she take the place of the *bestower* — is she *permitted* to take that place? Is it not that man ruthlessly tears from her that most delicate and highly prized embodiment of her very soul nature? Is it not *demanded* of her, a complete surrender and submission to man's will, no matter what the results upon her health, time, strength or her sensitive, delicate feelings!

Is it any wonder that some women grow prematurely old, tame and lifeless, and that others sink into their graves under the remorseless heart-burnings and cravings



DR. EDWARD H. COWLES

of the unsatisfied and not-understood longings, desires and motives of their own souls?

Man doesn't appreciate woman — woman doesn't appreciate man — neither understands nor realizes the immense possibilities of happiness, health and physical and mental vigor thru the right understanding and practical living of these higher principles!

There are some natures that are capable only of what I will say is a "passive response," while there are others whose sensitive and highly organized natures have the capacity for the most intense enjoyment — and a like capacity also for intense suffering,— and it is essential that these varying classes should mate with those only who can meet them on their own ground and answer the demands of their own souls.

Thru the *perversion* of this most sacred embodiment of purity — this which expresses to the fullest extent the pure, true, most exalted and most loving emotions of the soul, millions of lives are being wrecked, hopes blasted, health undermined and very often ruined; while under conditions generated thru a consciousness and realization of the *true character* of soul-sex-expression, these conditions are *reversed*, for there is then all gain and no loss! All happiness and joy. No regrets, no repinings or unsatisfied

soul-longings, which sap the very foundations of both physical and spiritual life!

But what is the remedy for these *perverted* and degrading conditions which infect humanity at large? All I can say is — *education*, and the unfoldment and development of our higher, more refined, sensitive and spiritual natures — a cultivating of desires and aspirations for the pure, the noble and the true!

It is *not* in lowering the standard of morality, nor in giving license to licentiousness, but to the contrary by placing that high and exalted estimate upon soul-sex-expression, insisting upon the demands of the *soul-self* being met and realized, that *anything less becomes abhorrent and repellent!* When these things are understood and this standard raised, neither man nor woman will for a moment consider the gratification of mere animal desire or physical sensation — for them, such will not exist — but each will see to it that the other is *capable of responding to the entire demands of their natures — spiritually, mentally and physically*, and entering into these higher ideals and this realm of exaltation!

To those who can meet each other upon this exalted plane of soul-sex-expression, there is life, health, peace, joy and perfect satisfaction.

Observations



WE question only wherein we dispute ourselves.
To whom anything happens nothing eventuates.
Time is our master till Eternity is our slave.

If you can't smile it better — don't say it.

Vacuity becomes not unendurable when we remember more people think wrong than refuse to think at all.

To the unawakened, knowing is thinking; to the sleepless, knowing is not thinking.

The reason most folks escape the foolish house is that they haven't brains enough to examine.

A woman will see only what she wants to see; — and a man won't see at all.

Saying things in a happy way comes from being things in misery.

It is a disgrace to be called a genius. The highest goal of genius is Art, whereas to the soul Truth must be ultimate. Artless Truth is more to God's liking than Truthless Art.

Immortality is a man's reward for discovering how the avenue of fame descends to obloquy but the path of verity

rides to oblivion.

Metaphysics guides a man beautifully except when he's in love; but that, alas, is the only time he's worth guiding.

A wise woman is one who knows that wrinkles come from smiling are never to be feared.

Of a slight friendship the test is pleasure; of a great friendship the test is suffering.

How to wound a poet beyond repair: Hit him with an epigram. Inspiration may put Truth in a man but only friction grinds it out — and every poet unredeemed is a softie.

To the man who attains, is woman first logically but work first chronologically.

The great seer, like the great mother, conceives and brings forth with no thought but the need of creating. To either, interruption means abortion.

Love is the heart's true caretaker; for Love locks all the good things in and all the bad things out.

What is true lives; what dies is false; vain to strive for reputation.

The only business arrangement permanently satisfactory is a partnership with Providence.

God never reveals Himself but to the blind; and if they think they see, He first transfixes them with glory.

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON

Spring Twilight

A singing breeze that sets the leaves a-quiver
 A sudden hush —
The silver ripples of a rapid river —
 And then, a thrush
Breaks the soft tumult with his clear note ringing
 In sheer delight,
A charm of mystery and romance flinging
 Across the night.

The wild witch music! In our hearts we cherish
 The ancient dreams
Of bygone happy hours — of joys that perish
 When sunlight gleams.
But in the dusk old memories seek and find us;
 Thru magic haze
The fairy music finds a chain to bind us
 To old dead days.

Again the hush,— again the thrush-note calling
 From out the mist;
It lifts,— and lo! the April rain is falling
 With sunlight kist.
Again the world is made of wine and flowers,
 As Omar sings,
And Youth returns with all the golden hours
 That Spring-time brings.

D. E. W.

Mark's Musings



OCIOLOGICAL problems ought to be considered from a sound-view-point.



THE largest saw in the United States is Arkansaw.



WHAT we want is generally rosy but what we get is mighty blue.



" MILK of human kindness " is more than half water.



THERE are people, in every clime, who need roasting.



SEATTLE's mayor has apparently closed the lid on all vice. You can gamble on that.



THE Mormons of Utah helped Red Cross officials instead of the Chinese.



SOME individuals are positive till they find they're mistaken.



A WOMAN with an honest countenance may never win in a beauty contest.

BLUE blood is sometimes caused by too much royalty.

"SIX days shalt thou labor and do all thy work "
while the ministers just *lie* around.

SOME folks wear a double smile — one for you and
one for themselves.

THE good side of some people is the blind side.

RED pepper is used now and then as a warm compliment.

"IT is more blessed to give than to receive " a jail
sentence.

MANY a courtship is wrecked on account of ignorant
navigators.

THERE'S one bargain a woman seldom appreciates —
a " piece " of her husband's mind.

THE reason some people don't succeed is because
there are not enough suckers in this world.

MARK MORRIS

Wedding Bells



Are the bells,
Wedding bells,
That swing up in the steeple
And tell all the people

— what do we tell? Listen to our voices:

We celebrate love, marriage love; the union of two hearts, the blending of two lives, the laying of a new hearth-stone in the world of homes. We celebrate love; we celebrate the home, we celebrate the family. Love, the greatest thing in the world; the home, the happiest place in the world; the family, the dearest institution in the world; the children, the sweetest blossoms of love.

We celebrate the pure thoughts of the maiden, as white as her wedding robe; as white as the roses in her hair, as transparent as the filmy folds of the veil that enwraps her.

We celebrate the tenderness of the maiden's love, as gentle as the south wind, as true as the stars, as sweet as the breath of the roses claspt in her hands, as holy as the thoughts of the vestals who wait on the virgin.

We celebrate the manliness of the bridegroom, the strong arm to shelter, the strong heart to nourish, the

strong mind to construct, the strong will to achieve; the deep love that shall grow deeper and stronger with the years.

We celebrate mutuality; mutual love and sympathy and trust; mutual tenderness, thoughtfulness, mutual understanding and insight; mutual respect and honor; mutual consideration and forbearance. Mutual joy, mutual aspiration, mutual realization. Co-operation in the home, dividing the tasks, the heavier to the stronger, and the lighter to the frailer, and joying in it all for love's sweet sake. Mutual love of children, mutuality of care and guidance, mutual patience and endurance.

We celebrate the mutuality of love of Nature and the beautiful; the beauty of the body, the beauty of the soul, the beauty of the home, the beauty of the without, and the ever seeking to make all more beautiful. The beauty of the veined grass-blade, and the shimmer of the insect's wing, the laughter of the runlet and the chant of the sea, the whisperings in the forests and the wheat-fields; the wren's love-note and the lark's rhapsody; the white starlet of the sod and the silver star of the sky-gardens, the rose of the thorn and the rose of dusk and dawn; the golden glow of the grain of sand, and the purple glow of the mountain. And the wondrous formation, mechanism, un-

foldment and meaning of all things.

We celebrate the larger love, of humanity and every living creature; and the larger home, of which the first is the prototype and nucleus. We celebrate the beginning and begetting of that glorious day when all the great, grand world shall be woven about with bands of love and good-will, when each shall live for all and all for each, and every voice as one proclaim praise and thanksgiving to the Creator and Giver and Maintainer of all.

If man lives not this life, if he has fallen far from it, still he loves the sound of the bells, and to dream of it, and thinks some day the dream will come true again. Let us ring, and keep alive in man's memory that which is, and ring and ring and never cease to ring until man shall come to love the true, and abhor the miserable perverted false life he is now enmeshed in, and is even taught is the only life. Tho one, or ten thousand, swear false at the altar and take vows for that which they know not and do not intend, still let us ring over their heads and proclaim the true, which is, and which should be and shall be, on earth. We are the bells, bells, bells; wedding bells.

M. TRUEMAN



¶ First we refuse to hear, then we consent to listen, then we speak and finally DO the thing that brings change for uplift --- and the greatest of these is DOING

Love's Bosom

PLAYING on an endless shore
Close beside a spanless ocean
Laughs the child — and knows no more
Of the deep with its commotion.

Tossing pebbles here and there
Fetching sand and heaping houses
Never feels the slightest care
Till the ocean's wrath arouses.

Weeping o'er the melting sand
Fleeing from the hungry billow
Baby seeks its mother's hand
Mother's breast and mother's pillow.

When Misfortune's tidal waves
Overwhelm, and I am sinking
It is LOVE ALONE that saves
It is not the *Sands of Thinking!*

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON

Evergreen Greetings



WE are constantly receiving greetings and gifts from our beloved Evergreens throughout the universe — principally from Planet Earth at present! They are a part of our regular diet, and such nourishing diet it is, too. To be in touch with the world is deemed a great joy by most people, but how much greater pleasure to be in close communion with some of the choicest spirits of the age! Evergreens of the Royal brand are a superior product — indeed, how could they be otherwise? So when some words of wisdom fall from their pens (pencils or typewriters), or some beautiful or catchy verse comes sailing over space we can not refrain from giving them to *all* the *Greens* for their delectation and inspiration.

¶ Just the other day a bulky box came crawling into the "Evergreenery" with the following unique and poetic sentiment typewritten upon the address label:

A FRAGRANT GREETING

New Hampshire to state Washington
A fragrant greeting sends,
From heart to heart 'cross continent,
Soul and true kinship blends;

In flowery, bell-like voice it tells,
Of love that never ends.

MAUD A. THORNDYKE
Concord, N. H.

¶ The contents of the box were a big bunch of the well-known lilies-of-the-valley, and what a sense of true kinship they brought into our lives! And in the same mail came this beautiful poem, which irresistibly proclaims the writer a true poet, and well worthy a place among other Evergreen contributors who use verse as a vehicle of expression:

LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY

Atlantic's dash, Atlantic's roar, Atlantic's ice and snow
In miniature Niagaras, reflect upon my breast.
New Hampshire's mountain-peaks so proud, her fertile valleys low,
Are mirrored in my tiny leaf like gems upon a crest.
My throne is one of evergreen, in waxen beauty formed;
In raiment of resplendent white, like maidens I am drest;
My subjects are the hearts of men to lofty thoughts I've warmed —
From *Evergreens* to *Evergreens* I speed a fragrant guest.

MAUD A. THORNDYKE

¶ From Mrs. Clara B. Castle, of Seattle, comes this charming and cunning versification, which shows her to be a true Evergreen in her love of the humorous side of things, as well as a woman of bright intellect and wide reading — one in fact whom we are proud to have in the "Green Book":

Dear Mr. "G." and Mrs. "Gm-B."
 Have you any spare-room in your Evergreen-tree
 For a world-weary, brain-weary person — that's me?
 I want to climb up to the top of your hill,
 Breathe the Evergreen incense and try to "get still"
 And lose an "I can" and "I must" and "I will" —
 (One *can* overwork that austere combination
 And feel like the dregs of a "last incarnation"
 Which "feel" is the worst in all God's good creation).
 Now if you've a "perch" for my kind of a bird
 (Who's hankering not to be seen or be heard)
 Please take up your pencil and send me the word.

P. S.:

Good heavens, what kind of a thing have I writ!
 This, surely, can never be proper, a bit
 And maybe 'twill profit me (slangily) nit!
 I'm sure you've let loose a most jolly vibration
 That's "ketchin'," and here's the *occult* demonstration
You did it yourselves! — I'm a kind of "substation" —
 And my rhyming machine has gone wiggling and jiggling
 And much of my dignity's wasted, agiggling,
 And I — why my goodness, I don't care a "fig-gling"!

May 20th, 1907

¶ Now, wouldn't that set you "agiggling"? I think
 it's pretty good stuff.



"Oho!" they cried, "the world is wide,
 But fettered limbs go lame!
 And once, or twice, to throw the dice
 Is a gentlemanly game;
 But he does not win who plays with sin
 In the Secret House of Shame."

Oscar Wilde

Pitchy Postscripts for Pale People



PROVIDENCE and the Lord have some very heavy burdens thrown upon them. One of the latest loads handed them is one Albert E. Horsley, alias Harry Orchard, now acting in the capacity of star witness for the state in the case against Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone. In a recent letter to a friend he gives "all praise to a kind and loving Providence for giving me strength spiritually and physically"! He frequently refers to the "Dear Lord" as having watched over him and strengthened him during his ordeal of telling the truth! It certainly must be a fearful ordeal for such a man to tell the truth! But I can't help but wonder where the "Dear Lord" was when he was blowing so many of His dear children into eternity, and why He should not have guided him a little at other times in his career! And why He is so assiduous in looking after Harry while engaged in an attempt to send three other men to death, unless He be a God of hate and revenge — a veritable "unnatural monster," as Orchard acknowledges himself to be in the letter in question? Why is this "Dear Lord"

interested in saving Orchard *only*, the most unspeakable monster of all, even granting that the men on trial are guilty as he charges?

¶ It is clear that the Lord referred to can be none other than the authorities that promise Horsley freedom for adding to his list of crimes that of sending three men to the gallows. It is to be hoped that justice will be done but it surely can not if Orchard is to serve as a basis for that justice, for if physiognomy means anything it means that that man would swear to anything in his effort to avoid the noose. And his "pious" streak is one more count against the chances for truth coming from his lips. "Providence"? Oh, Lord!

¶ "If you do not know what to say, don't say it," says Elbert Hubbard, which leads us to wonder why he said this.

¶ GET busy now and send along that extra subscriber you promised (?) yesterday. Some of the dear Evergreens have sent *many*, why can't you send at least *one*? We would do as much for you.

¶ "LOVE is the true faith, marriage is the dogma," says F. Marion Crawford.

F. X. WALDRON F. M. COLBY J. M. SNOOK

Write for our Market Review
Sent free on application

F. X. Waldron & Co.

CONSERVATIVE STOCK BROKERS

115 MARION ST. - SEATTLE, WASH.

FISCAL AGENTS FOR

Galena Copper Mining Company

RELIABLE REPRESENTATIVE CORRESPOND-
ENTS IN ALL MINING CAMPS AND DISTRICTS

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

Toasted Corn Flakes

DELICATE : CRISP : DELICIOUS : APPETIZING

☞ Served and sold at

VEGETARIAN CAFE

214 Union Street ♣ ♣ Seattle

MOOCHA SABA says: "I'd rather go to church than to go to hell, but I don't have to go to either place." "An honest man's the noblest work of God, but the Lord is too busy to make many of them." "The idea of eternal punishment; it's a hell of an idea."

But who is Moocha Saba? He is one of the satellites of the Chief of the Ghourki, and you will find his sayings each month in that peculiar magazine, THE GHOURKI. It will be sent to any Evergreen a whole year for twenty-five cents. Published 12 times a year. The Tribe is made up of folks who think for themselves. Address, The CHIEF of the TRIBE of the GHOURKI, Morgantown, West Virginia.

When you send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription a certificate of membership in the Tribe is sent you.

A. F. Hoska Harness Company

—HORSE AND MULE MILLINERS—

Call and See Him

1409 Pacific Ave. Tacoma, Wash.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

TYPO-CULTURISTS By MARY EUPHA CRAWFORD

A Dialogue With a Purpose

- ¶ A discussion on better living as an incentive to a higher life.
¶ The characters are Crito, the progressive, and Sophist, the contented. ¶ Book is beautifully bound in cloth, price \$1.00. REDUCED TO 50 CENTS. Only a limited number of copies.
¶ Address THE EVERGREENS, OLALLA, WASHINGTON

STEAMER TYCONDA

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE

Leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on Henderson Bay every day except Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., returning in the morning. Leaves Sunday at 8:00 A. M., returning same day.

NORTH BAY ROUTE (STR. TYRUS)

Leaves Tacoma for all points on North Bay, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 P. M., returning next morning.

LORENZ BROS., Owners.

A RESISTLESS CHAMPION OF FREE SPEECH

Do you realize the importance of this vital issue?

Do you believe in freedom of expression, as the only pathway to social progress?

Do you want to get out of the rut and learn to do your own thinking?

If so send fifty cents to "The Demonstrator," Home, Wash., for a year's subscription. Published semi-monthly. Subscribe today. Sample copy free.

Send 10c. for "Do You Want Free Speech?" by James F. Morton, Jr., a powerful and convincing pamphlet, which is arresting public attention.

SELF-CONTROL

By Rev. C. A. Hall

A BOOK FOR BOYS

Deals with the moral and hygienic treatment of SECRET VICE

Plain yet Chaste Post Free 15c

THE REFORM COOKERY BOOK

Contains over 300 practical, up-to-date, vegetarian recipes

POST FREE 15 CENTS

You Order
Both From

Nicol, Collinge & Co.

34 New St.
Paisley, Scot.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — save?

DO YOU THINK?

THE STELLAR RAY is a magazine for thinkers. Discusses thought-force, will-power, astral science, occultism, all forms of drugless healing, brain building, the cultivation of mental forces, and the the psychological and physiological principles that bring health, happiness and success.

THE STELLAR RAY advocates no creed, no dogma, no fad or ism; it stands for progress and freedom in all lines of modern thought; it is a practical magazine for those who think; it teaches how to live without disease or worry; it teaches how to have health without drugs or doctors; it teaches how to use the powers within one's self for success, for poise and self-mastery.

OUR SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

To anyone, mentioning this advertisement and sending One Dollar (Foreign \$1.50) before the end of this month, we will credit them with being paid up in full on the magazine for the succeeding fifteen months.

Or, should you prefer, we will send three back numbers and will credit you with a year in advance. As there are but a few of these back numbers on hand it will be necessary to get your order in early.

We are making a special offer of THE STELLAR RAY and our Pocket Dictionary of Astrological Terms (regular price fifty cents) for \$1.25 (Foreign \$1.75). This is a splendid little 96-page book, brimful of information.

Write us for offers in combination with any of the contemporary magazines.

THE STELLAR RAY THE MAGAZINE FOR THINKERS

HODGES BUILDING

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

MAZDANAN

All-constitute and all-inclusive of philosophy, science, religion and sociology —

NOT PREACHING TRUTH BUT LIVING IT

A reasonable magazine for reasonable people.

SEND 2c FOR SUBSCRIPTION

and a bundle of valuable literature and oblige with blessings of Peace and Prosperity

THE MAZDANAN

3016-3018 Lake Park Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

BECOME A VEGETARIAN; BE STRONGER, HEALTHIER, BRAINIER, HAPPIER. Read the VEGETARIAN MAGAZINE — 1 year \$1; 1 month 10c

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO HAVE

24 Reasons for Vegetarian Diet.....	\$.05
Meatless Dishes (Cook Book).....	.10
Moral Basis of Vegetarianism.....	.02
For War or Peace, Which?10
Cleanliness the First Principle of Hygiene.....	.10
Clerical Sportsmen, J. Howard Moore.....	.05
Vegetarianism from Principle.....	.25
All of above (67c worth)50

VEGETARIAN COMPANY, 80 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

PURE SCIENCE

POISE AND POWER. By C. D. Larson, one of the strongest and most scientific writers of the day. Plain and practical. How to have abundant health, and how to be a power in the world. 50c.

C. D. Larson's BRAIN CHART shows you what part of the brain to develop for any talent you wish, and how to do it. 50c.

All the Latest New Thought Books

ALLSHINE BOOKSHOP, PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS

F. D. 1 - - - Richmond 27 - - - Va.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

EUGENICS FOR JULY

In "PATERNAL IMPRESSIONS," Dr. E. B. Foote discusses a neglected phase of the important subject of heredity.

In the white-slave traffic, Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, director of the Mt. Lowe (Cal.) Observatory, sees "AN APIALLING STATE OF AFFAIRS," and deals with it in his well-known vigorous manner.

The "OPPOSITION TO THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS" is the subject of a valuable contribution to the literature of Free Speech by Theodore Schroeder, attorney for the Free-Speech League and associate editor of THE ARENA.

M. Florence Johnson, teacher and lecturer, writes of "THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD AND EUGENICS."

The editor, Moses Harman, writes of "YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW" and "EUGENICS"

E. C. Walker, Hulda L. P. Loomis, James Armstrong, Jr., and Jonathan Mayo Crane, are among the other contributors.

And there is a young people's department with the motto "WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE CHILDREN?" conducted by a school-girl, the editor's grand-daughter.

One dollar a year. Ten cents a copy. Ask your news-dealer or order of

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EUGENICS
500 FULTON ST.

CHICAGO

"SEX SYMPOSIUM" COMPLETE

Yes, we can supply a VERY FEW sets of SOUNDVIEW containing ALL the articles of the sex series, which began in January, 1905. But if you want them you better not DILLY-DALLY, or words to that effect. The price? Only the regular 10c per copy, or \$3 for all back numbers containing this series, including subscription to Jan. 1, 1908, and a copy of Wildwood Philosophy.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

Scenic Route ^{between TACOMA and SEATTLE via} Olalla ^{and the beautiful West Passage}

FAST STEAMER "RELIANCE"

LEAVES TACOMA — N. E. DOCK

6:45 a. m. daily except Sunday

6:00 p. m. Saturday only

ARRIVES OLALLA

7:45 a. m.

7:00 p. m.

LEAVES SEATTLE — GALBRAITH DOCK

3:00 p. m. daily except Sunday

9:00 a. m. Sunday only

6:30 p. m. " "

ARRIVES OLALLA

5:00 p. m.

11:00 a. m.

8:00 p. m.

FAST STEAMER "BURTON"

LEAVES SEATTLE — GALBRAITH DOCK

9:30 a. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday

ARRIVES OLALLA

11:45 a. m.

LEAVES OLALLA

1:15 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday

ARRIVES SEATTLE — GALBRAITH DOCK

4:15 p. m.

Steamers also stop at Lisabeula, Cove, and other points on the Passage, and at Harper, Colby, and Manchester.

FARE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

KITSAP COUNTY TRANSPORTATION COMPANY

B. F. MORGAN, Manager, SEATTLE, WASH.

"NEW THOUGHT HEALING," by Julia Seton Sears, M. D., will tell you how to get well and stay well. Contains valuable instructions to patients and advice to healers. Teaches "How to go into the silence." Shows how "absent treatment" is a scientific fact. Nothing like it ever before written. The result of years of experience by a regular physician who is also a metaphysician. First edition of 1000 copies sold in three weeks. For sale at bookstores or by mail from the publishers. Price 25 cents, silver or stamps. 83
THE SEARS INVESTMENT CO., 272 Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

Man can Laugh and Learn for he will see but little when
his eyes are filled with tears

HUMANITY

A Thought Stimulant

Condensed Ideas	Fifty parts
Timely Criticism	Forty-five parts
Yellowness	Five parts

M Sig: Take and digest one small package per month

¶ The regular use and close conformity to the directions is guaranteed to
produce good and noticeable results

Price per package	10 Cents
One year's treatment (12 pkgs.)	One Dollar

Warning: After a twelve months' treatment the patient is guaranteed to have developed the habit to such an extent that it will be impossible to discontinue the monthly application

ORDER A YEARLY COURSE TODAY, THUS AVOID-
ING THE LIABILITY OF MISSING A DOSE

¶ Send 15 cents today for a three months' trial subscription. You will like it

HUMANITY PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.
1817 MARKET ST. SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?



BIG MAIL FREE

YOUR NAME and address PRINTED 10000 times in the *Mail Buyers' Directory* and sent to 10000 firms all over the world so they can send you Free Samples, Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Papers, etc., etc. We invented this and have satisfied 200000 customers. Send 20c at once to be in 1907 BIG issue and get a BIG MAIL FREE. ALLEN, The Mail Man Dept. J90 Kennedy, N. Y.

TO THOSE WHO HESITATE

READ THE LETTER BELOW

ALLEN, The Mail Man

Ingram, Va., Jan. 7, 1907

Dept. J90, Kennedy, N. Y.

Dear Sir: —

From having my name in your Directory I have already received more than 2,000 parcels of mail, and still they come, scores of Papers, Samples, Magazines, etc., etc., for which I had often paid 10 to 25c. each before.

R. T. JAMES

READ ADVERTISEMENT ABOVE

BOOKS YOU SHOULD BUY

A Complete List of Edward Earle Purinton's Publish Works

"The Soul in Silhouette." A volume of Advanced Thought poems for thinkers, dreamers and lovers. PRICE \$1.00.

"Sins of Sex." A glimpse within the soul of Mary Magdalene. PRICE 30 cents. (Edition almost exhausted.)

"Horizonings." A book of 100 epigrams and a dozen poems taken from "The Soul in Silhouette." PRICE 20 cents.

"The Span of Success." A wall sheet with ornamental border, embodying 50 incentives to success. PRICE 10 cents.

"The Philosophy of Fasting." The only book in existence explaining the psychic and spiritual phases of fasting. Also includes 13 little essays on vital subjects. PRICE \$1.00.

CAN BE HAD BY ADDRESSING THIS SHOP, OR THE AUTHOR AT 68 WEST 142nd. ST., NEW YORK CITY



COUNTRY HOMES

The place where sturdy boys and beautiful girls grow to perfection (and incidentally fine vegetables and flowers and fruits), and where heaven floats as near us as seems best for our spiritual welfare, where climate and environments combine to make every day joyous; if you're looking for such a place secure a plot without delay



ON PUGET SOUND

in the playground of The Evergreens. The thriving suburbs, Tacoma and Seattle, are only 16 miles away. Slightly waterfront or less slightly but equally fertile land a short distance back. If you are looking for such a site tell your troubles to the

BOSS EVERGREEN, OLALLA, WASH., U.S.A.

